9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

159 right, saying that Gai may have *thought* the Bakalahari was his real father, but that Ukwane knew better. I expect that Ukwane was right at that, for Gai certainly looked like a Bushman.

But whether father or stepfather, Gai said, the Bakalahari kept sending messages to Gai with Bushmen who might be passing through Ai a ha'o telling him to come back to Chukudu (probably to work), but Gai never did. Gai was too clever.

512 At noon the sun had warmed the air a little, although there was still an edge of frost, and the women got up and walked [313] off together into the veld to search for wood. In an hour or so they came back heavily loaded, Tsetchwe with her kaross [482 854] bulging with melons, perhaps twenty in all, a great load of wood on top of them piled higher than her head, and Nhwakwe riding on top of it all. Even in the cold air she perspired, and as her load must have weighed almost a hundred pounds, she walked leaning forward.

By night the cold had deepened. The Bushman boys came [513] out of my tent and went home for dinner, then lay by the fires to sleep when the adults curled up in the shallow pits. The moon rose, a frosty circle, hard as a coin, and before we went to sleep that night we heard a jackal calling "tsa," out on the plains.

"Tsa," called one of the Bushmen, answering him.

"Tsa!" the jackal replied.

821 In the morning we were very pleased to find that the cold had broken. We woke up to find the sun just rising, and on the other edge the moon just sinking down, lustrous and pale in a current of balmy air coming warm from the equator. In the east, only the planets showed of all the stars; one of them,

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
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GiKwe

when the tsama melons were gone, but now, perhaps when he saw its vine there and thought about it under the ground, he changed his mind. Squatting near the vine and digging with his hands, he soon had exposed it, two feet down and dark in shadow. He seized it and tore it from the earth.

It was shaped like a monstrous beet, with its vine coming from the top like a little stalk and its root bristling from the bottom like a tassel. It had a hard, bark-like crust and it was gray and hairy. Gai held it daintily by its vine, and, as dirt was still dropping off it he slapped and brushed it to clean it; then he held it high above the big cavity it had filled, looked at it with a rather satisfied smile, and said what nice water it would be.

We went home then, walking again in single file in a straight course over the veld, veering only once toward a fallen tree, where the women stopped to gather firewood. The women, walking first, were heavily loaded now with melons, roots, and firewood, Tsetchwe loaded most heavily of all because the baby rode on her shoulder. The women used their digging-sticks as canes because their knees were bending, and walked quickly, trying to get home as soon as possible. After the women came the young boys carrying nothing, and last of all came Gai, holding his bi by its tassel of root. Before long he hurried and caught up to Tsetchwe, and once again he took a turn with Nhwakwe, swinging him from Tsetchwe's shoulders to his own, where Nhwakwe rode happily, his tiny hands pressed over his father's eyes.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

513 That night it was so cold that no one wanted to leave the fire and when finally everyone was at my camp, settled close to each other, side by side, with their bellies warmed by the heat and their shoulders covered by their capes, their backs 521 turned against the enormous veld where the cold wind blew and where the dark was coming, they began to entertain themselves with conversation, their favorite pastime.

516 The adults held their elbows on their raised knees and cupped their hands under their chins to cast little shadows into their eyes, for in this way they could see clearly over the bright fire. Close to the fire even the children were not cold. The older children sat up like the adults, although they were naked and the adults had capes, and the younger children slept in their parents' arms, warm between the fire and their parents' skin.

136 Before the darkness had come totally I left the fire to look through the little forest for wood, and as soon as I was off among the trees a way I was quite alone; I could not see the firelight and the voices did not reach me, and as I walked around in the frost and the gloom I could hear my footsteps crackling the grass. When I stopped walking to pick up an icy stick I could still hear the grass crackling, and when I looked around I saw, not too far away, a pair of mongooses, a male and a female, with five little ones. They were eating seeds from the pods of a plant and when they saw me they ran, all in an orderly line, and when they were gone the forest seemed very empty, for I could see through the trees to the desolate plains beyond, and up through the branches to the sky, where stars were showing, far away. A partridge rose in front of me—I had chased it from its bed. I could hear it calling as it flew, lost out in the veld now, and when I had a 313 bundle of sticks I found my way home.

372 Dikai had been out for sticks in the opposite direction and

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

when we looked at the pile we had, we judged that we had enough for the night, but we burned only one at a time to save them.

For a while, sitting at the fire, everyone was quite gay. The adults began to talk about food they had gathered and eaten and Toma's children asked me to tell them a story. "A true story," they said. Casting about in my mind for a story that would amuse them, I remembered a night when we were camped on our way to the Gikwe Bushmen in Bechuanaland and six lions had come into our camp. Someone in our party had shot at them and had wounded two of them, and then we had followed the wounded ones on foot through the darkness, a dangerous business, had finally found one and killed it, and had found the other one dead in the morning. I tried to say all this in Kung, but though I could understand quite a bit of it and could speak on some subjects, this time I found that my vocabulary was lacking; all I could say was "We killed two lions," a terse statement, and though the children were looking at me wide-eyed, I couldn't go on and had to get John to finish the story. "Ah," said the children, when the story was told, not nearly as impressed as I had thought they would be, but then I myself had seen their father walk through a valley where several lions were roaring, at night, alone, armed only with a spear, depending on his wits for safety and on the fact that lions have a musky odor. He had been in our camp on one side of the valley when he had heard the lions roaring, and had slipped across among them in order to be with his wife and children, asleep on the other side.

Crooked Kwi, his wife, and his daughter had all turned away from the fire to warm their backs. They sat in a row, Kwi first, then the baby, then his wife. They were relaxed and they had let their heads tilt back to look at the sky. Crooked Kwi and his wife were very young, and, being one of the few

Ill: Marshall E-5 (1950-1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

FIREWOOD FOR CAMP is another prize to be sought from the veld. Here, two fine logs are being carried back to the *werfs* for fuel. Besides fires for cooking, the !Kung need them at night for warmth, since temperatures after sunset often fall well below freezing. Each family shelter has its own fire.

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A Bridal Scherm The groom, to the right, and the bride, to the left, are with companions. This scherm is a particularly well-built specimen of the Bushman house.

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digging-stick in a crescent curve, and tamps the branches into them. She weaves the branches together at the top and perhaps ties a few with fiber cord. This makes a frame half a hemisphere in shape, four to five feet wide on its open side, three to four feet deep, and perhaps five feet high at the peak. The woman then lays armloads of grass against the branches.

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The fire, not the scherm, is the visible symbol of home for a !Kung family. Summer and winter, each nuclear family has its own fire. The families cover their coals with ash during the day and fan them up for cooking. Toward evening, men and women go to the veld to gather wood and bring back whole dead trees, enough to keep their fires burning brightly all night.

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The werf is the group of fires of all the families in the band. A !Kung werf has no fixed pattern of orientation except to cluster closely together. With all space around them, the band with whom we lived—Band 1 of Gautscha, consisting of thirty-two persons with eight family fires—usually huddled into a place roughly forty to fifty feet by about twenty. The light and warmth of their fires together wall them in from infinity and darkness and protect them from predators.

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The !Kung never return to a werf they have once abandoned. They come season after season all during their lives to the same water holes and veldkos areas, but always choose a fresh spot to make a new settlement.

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ARTIFACTS • The artifacts of the !Kung are simple and few but well made and well cared for. These people use stone only for sharpening metal blades,

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2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date)1930
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224 soon as the dog has gripped his prey." Among the Naron these dogs are procured from BeChwana, Bergdama or white men in order [231] to hunt jackals, leopards, lynxes and other animals whose skins are [439] valued for making karosses. The skins so obtained are brought to the giver of the dog and bought by him at his own price for tobacco or trade goods, chiefly the former. The dogs are sometimes used by the people to catch hares and small buck for their larder, but are never taken out to hunt larger game.

In addition to these different methods of hunting by pursuit and the use of weapons, the Bushmen employ various methods of trapping. Pitfalls are often made during the dry season in the path to a waterhole or along river banks, and covered with bushes. In the Central and Northern Kalahari these pits are about four yards long and deep, and not quite a yard wide. They are dug with the ordinary digging-stick in such a way that a small wall of earth is left standing in the middle, but not reaching to the surface. Large animals in attempting to escape out of the pit jump on to this partition wall, where they remain hopelessly suspended on their belly. Other pits of the same nature, especially among the Southern Bushmen, often have pointed stakes placed in the middle. They serve to catch big game animals, such as rhinoceros, which are then killed with the spear, and in particular those, like zebras and antelopes, which come down in herds to drink at the water. In former times, when there was a far greater abundance [136] of game, whole valleys were sometimes enclosed, and large numbers of men combined to drive a herd of game down from the heights into the trap in the valley. Galton describes one of the most remarkable works of this kind. "We passed a magnificent set of pitfalls which the Bushmen who live about these hills had made. The whole breadth of the valley was staked and bushed across. At intervals the fence was broken, and there broken deep pitfalls were made. [313] The strength and size of timber that was used gave me a great idea of Bushman industry, for every tree had to be burned down and carried away from the hills, and yet the scale of the undertaking would have excited astonishment in far more civilized nations. When a herd of animals was seen among the hills, the Bushmen drove them through this valley up to the fence; this was too high for them to jump, so that they were obliged to make for the gaps, and there they tumbled into the pitfalls."[1]

[1] *Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa*, 106; cf. Wikar, "Berigt aan den . . . Heer van Plettenberg," 88–9; Burchell, *Travels in S. Africa*, i, 386–7; Chapman, op. cit., ii, 80–1; Passarge, "Das Okawangosumpfland und seine Bewohner," 695; *idem*, *Die Buschmänner*, 78–9.